



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM
★
3

MARCH
No.120

The
DOLL MAN
frames
**A MURDER
PICTURE!**

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank MAGICALLY LIGHT UP just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



1. All plunger all the way out



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!



IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted



only
\$1.69

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order NOW.

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 323 West Division St., Dept. CH
Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name.....

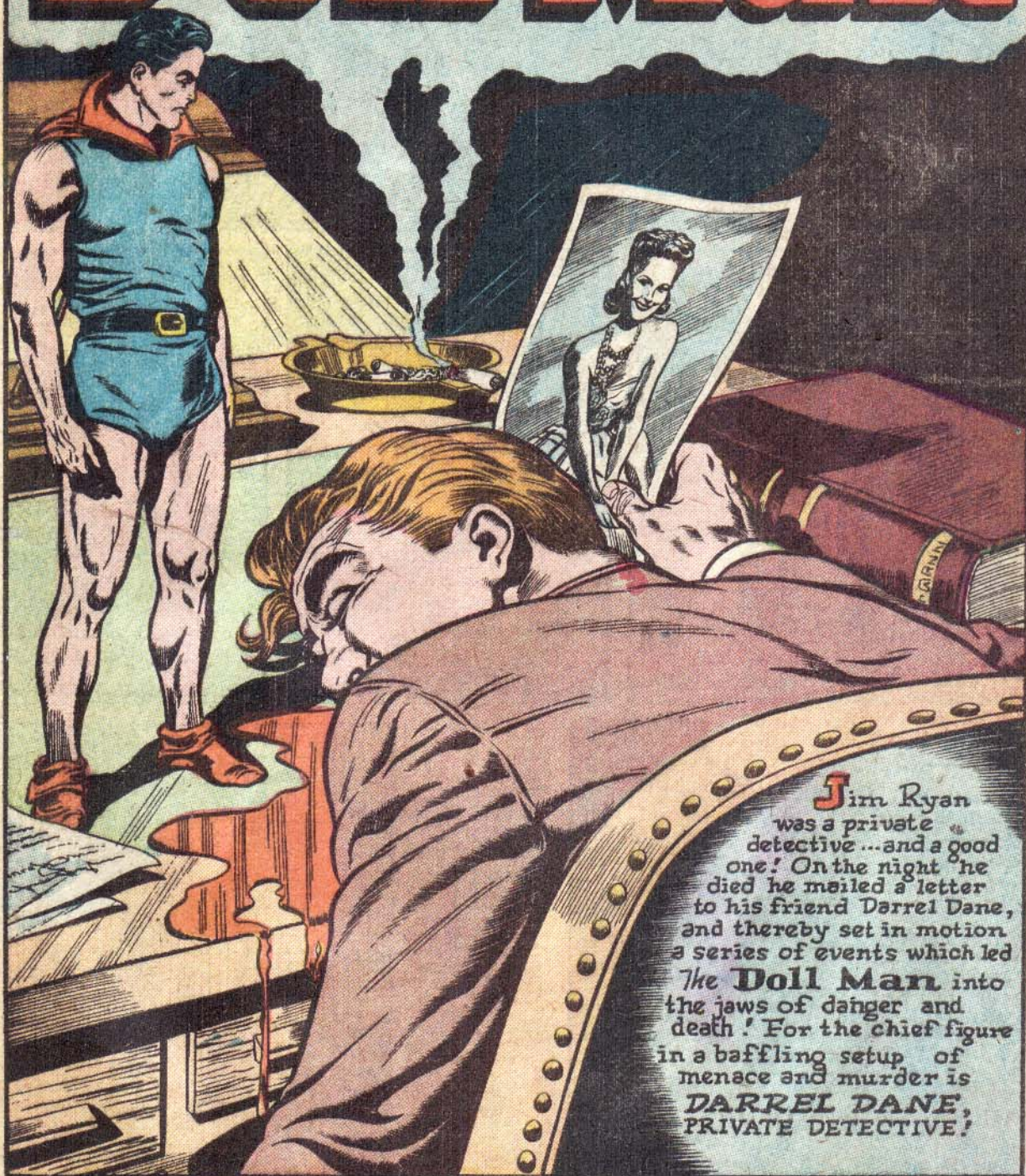
Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

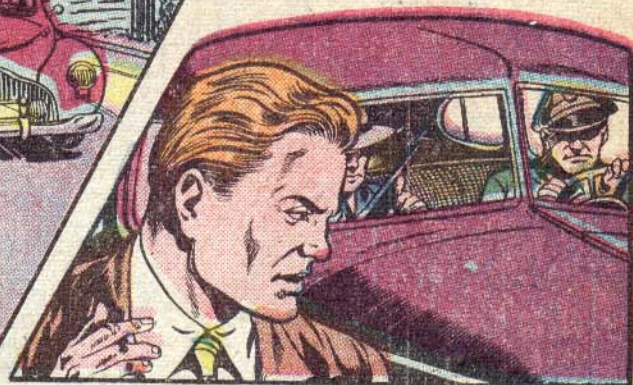
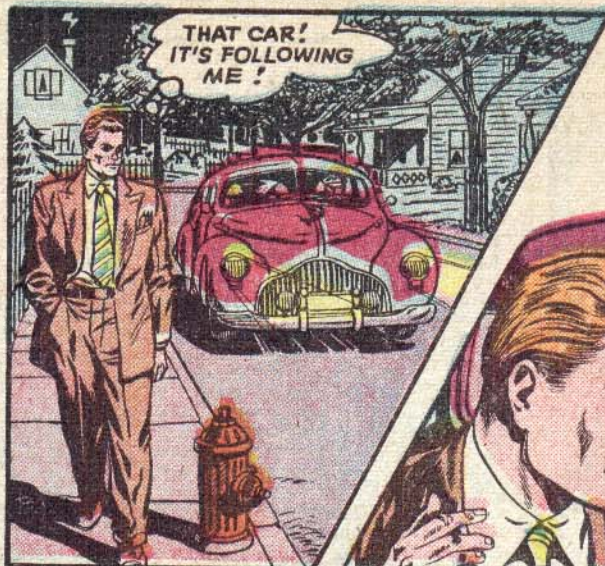
☐ I am enclosing \$1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Prepaid.

FEATURE COMICS, March, 1948, No. 120. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1953 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

The Doll Man



Jim Ryan was a private detective ...and a good one! On the night he died he mailed a letter to his friend Darrel Dane, and thereby set in motion a series of events which led **The Doll Man** into the jaws of danger and death! For the chief figure in a baffling setup of menace and murder is **DARREL DANE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE!**

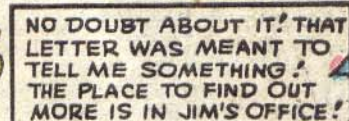
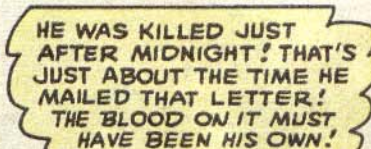


The next morning, Darrel Dane, who is secretly also the **DOLL MAN**, receives the letter...





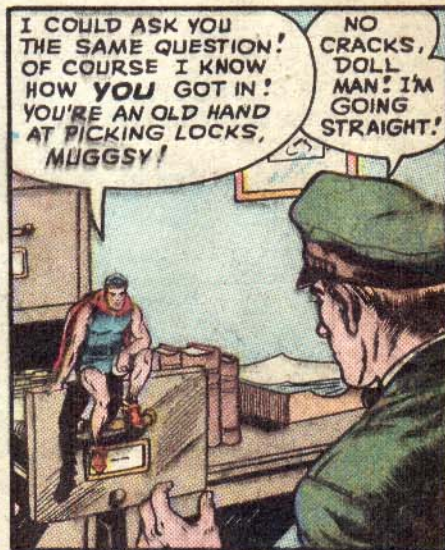
WHY... IT'S JIM RYAN!

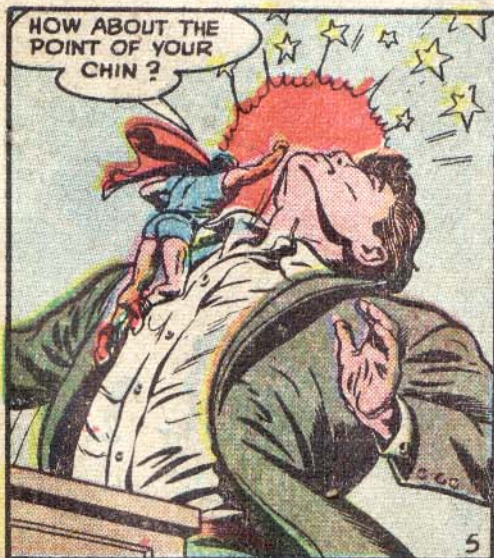
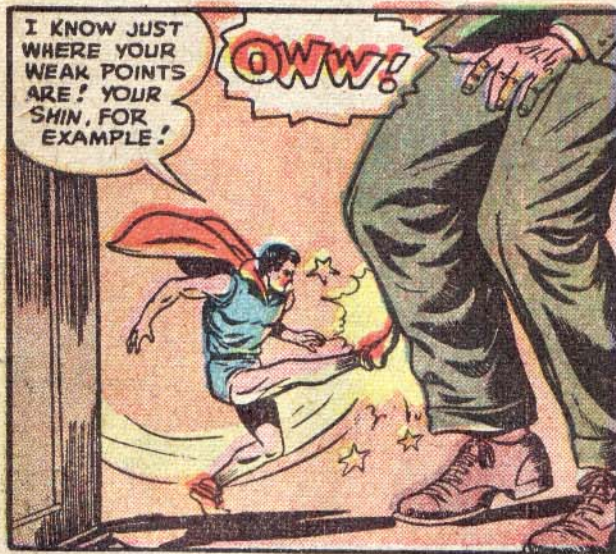
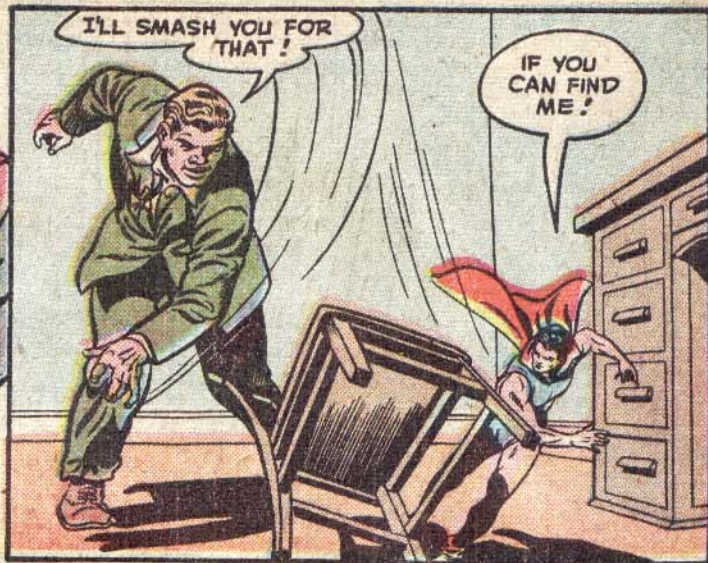
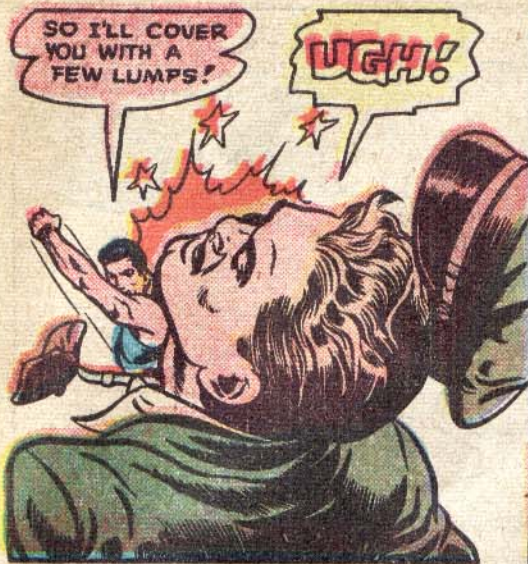


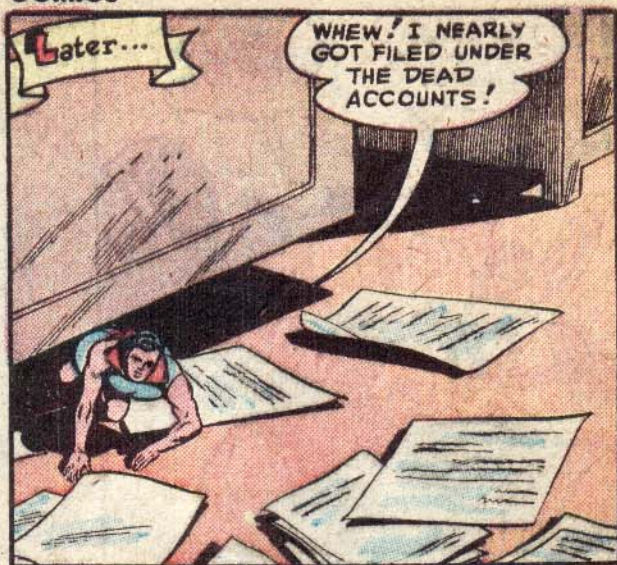
JAMES RYAN
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

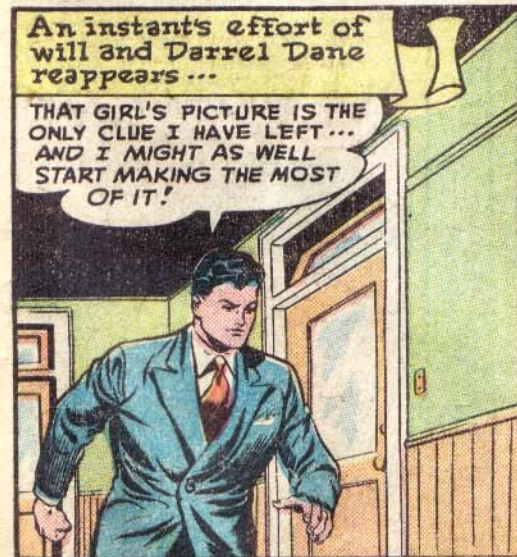
A quick effort of will transforms Darrel Dane into the world's mightiest mite...
THE DOLL MAN!

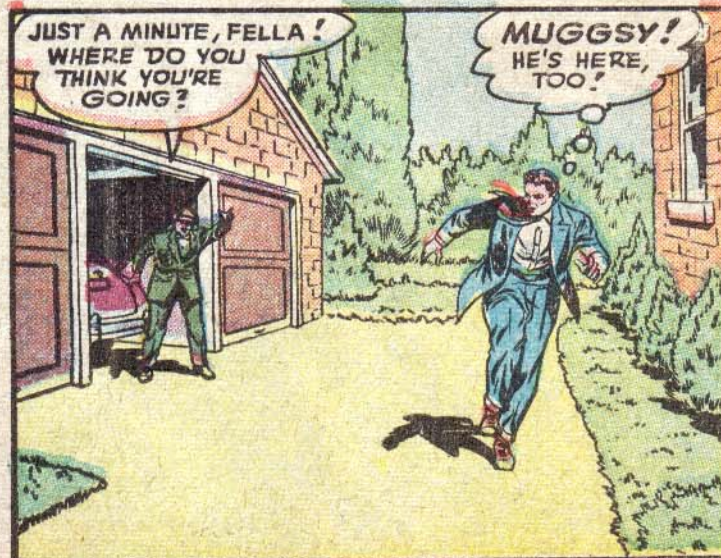
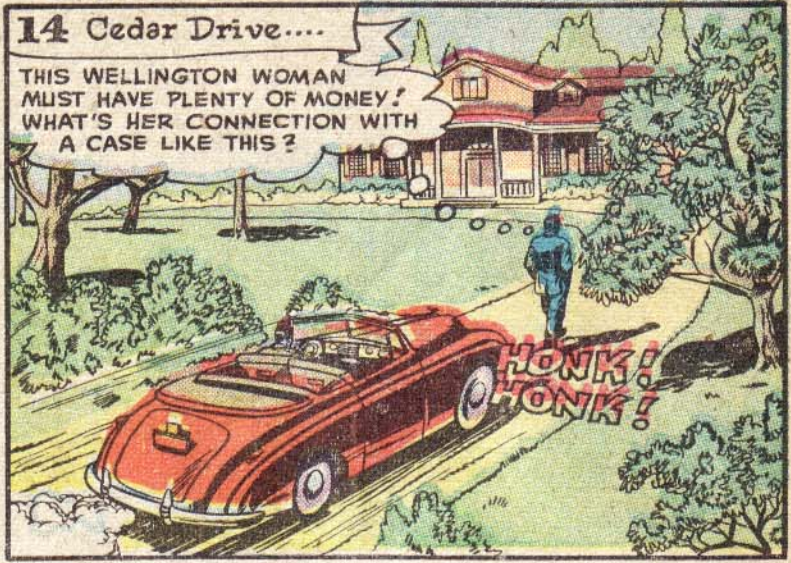




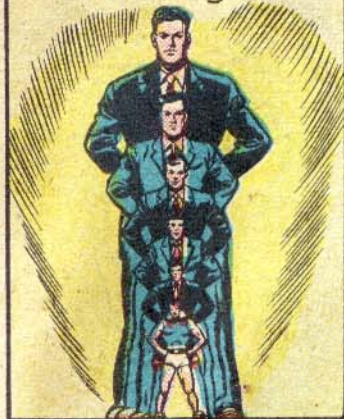








Again an effort of will compresses the molecules of Darrel Dane's body....



YOU! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GUY I WAS CHASING?



HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, MUGGSY! STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!

I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM A LITTLE RUNT!



YOU WILL, MUGGSY!

I ORDER YOU TO LIE DOWN!



SEE HOW YOU OBEY, WITH THE PROPER PERSUASION!



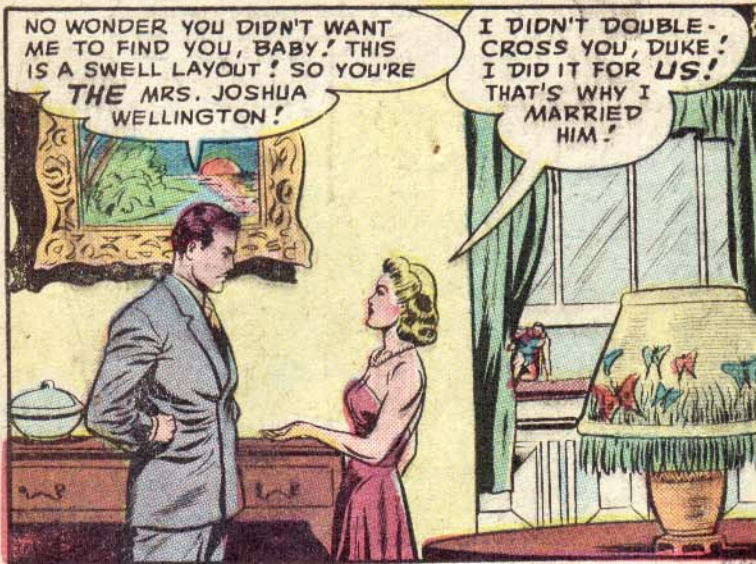
PLOP!

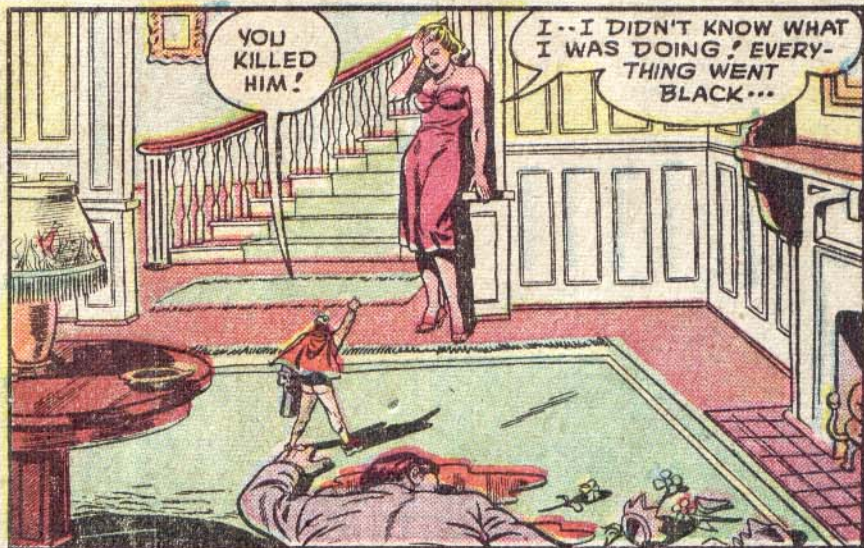
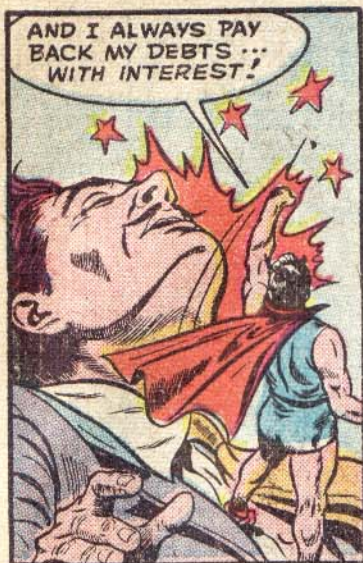
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO DUKE CLARE! I SAW HIM GO IN THE HOUSE!



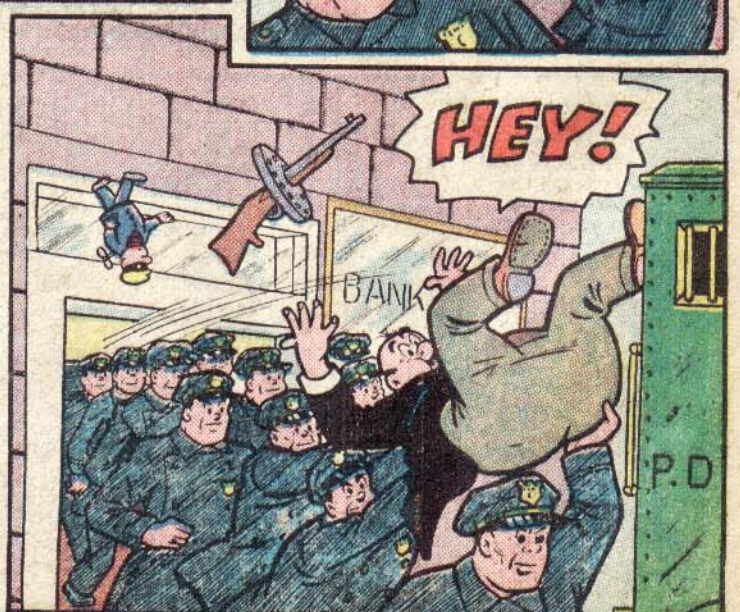
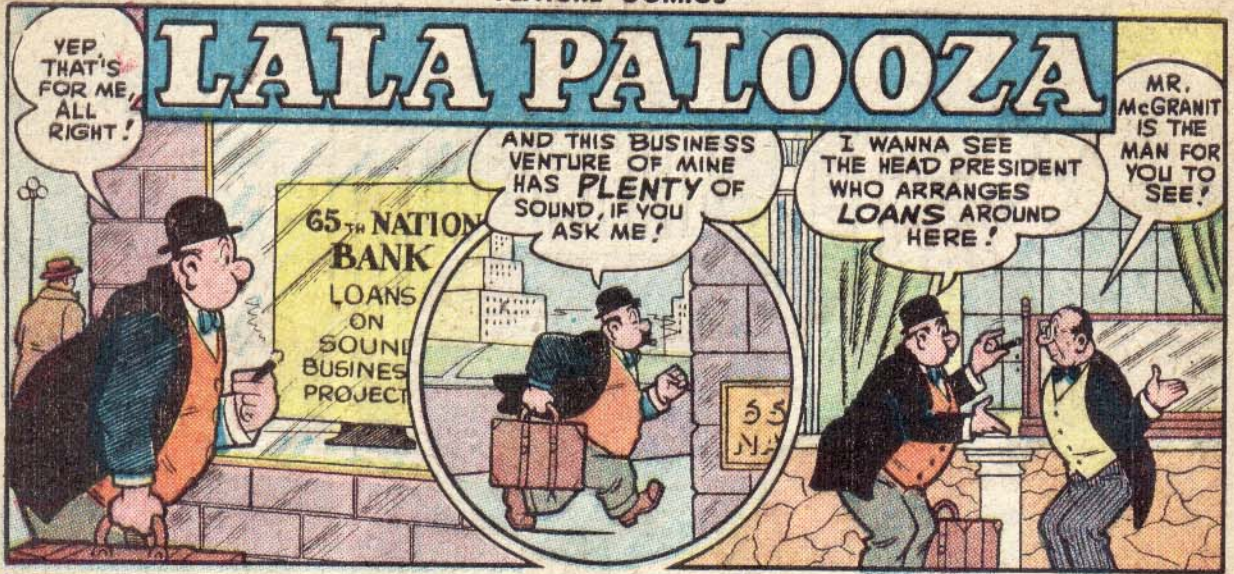
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE I WALKED IN ON ACT THREE, CLIMAX! AND I DO MEAN THIS IS THE PAYOFF!







LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

YOU SAY HE'S REALLY INTERESTED IN SUCH THINGS?

ABSOLUTELY! HE WRITES **BOOKS** ABOUT 'EM!

WELL, THAT'S THE **STRANGEST** HOBBY I **EVER** HEARD OF!

OH, WELL, THEY SAY THAT MOST WRITERS ARE A BIT CRAZY!



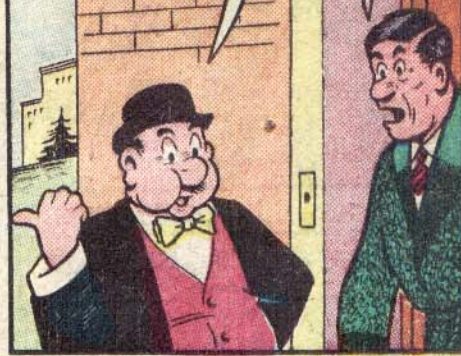
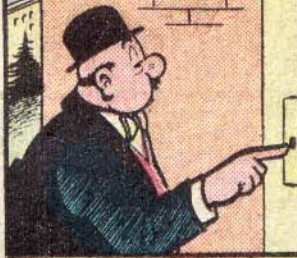
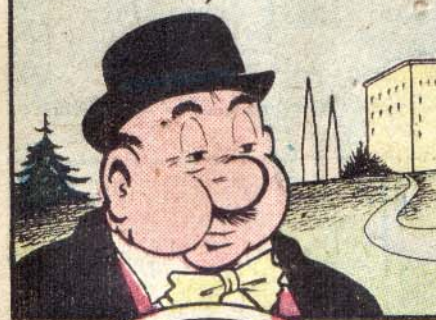
AND IF SUCH THINGS GIVE HIM MATERIAL FOR HIS BOOKS, HE OUGHTA PAY ME GOOD IF I COLLECT HIM A FEW CHOICE SPECIMENS!

Later...

WELL, IT TOOK ALL DAY, BUT I GOT HIM A REAL RIPE COLLECTION!

HERE THEY ARE, MR. HEMMINGBIRD, AND THEY'RE ALL **YOURS!**

WHAT IN...?



THEY OUGHTA GIVE YOU SOME SWELL CHAPTERS FOR YOUR NEW BOOK!

FOOL! I'M INTERESTED IN STAMPS ... NOT TRAMPS!



Swing Sisson



The fiery hand which struck down a famous singer seemed to point the finger of guilt at Swing Sisson --- but not for long!

Distinguished performers often appear at the Clover Club...



IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE LARRY GUNN AS OUR GUEST STAR TONIGHT!

AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO AGREE WITH YOU, MR. MASON! THOUGH I'M USED TO BETTER PLACES THAN THIS, EH, SAMISH?



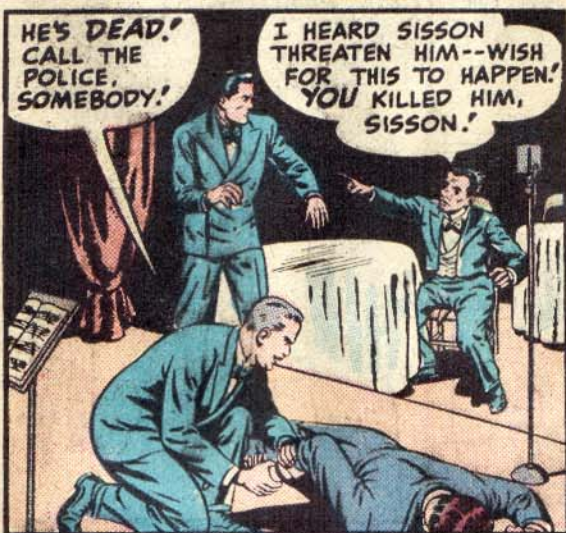
BUT I INSIST ON **ANOTHER** MICROPHONE--MY OWN HIGH-POWER MIKE! IT TAKES TWO TO PICK UP MY RICH TONES AS I STAND BETWEEN THEM! BRING IT IN, SAMISH!

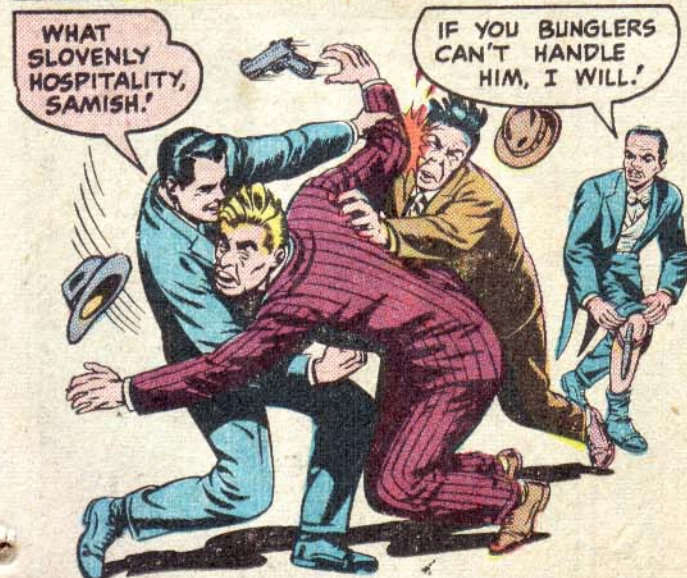
OUR GUEST STAR DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY INFERIORITY COMPLEX, TOBY!

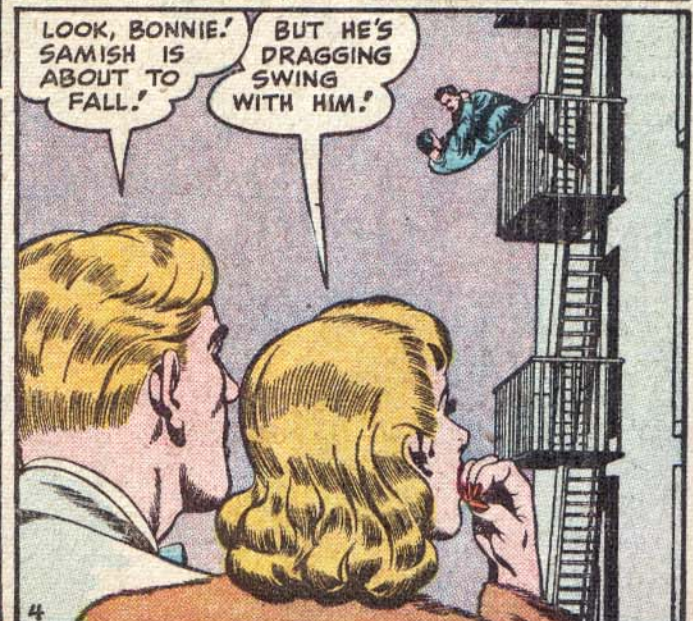


I WISH YOU LUCK, MR. GUNN! HOPE YOU GIVE A SWELL PERFORMANCE!

I DON'T NEED YOUR GOOD WISHES, SISSON! MY PERFORMANCES ARE ALWAYS GOOD, AREN'T THEY, SAMISH?

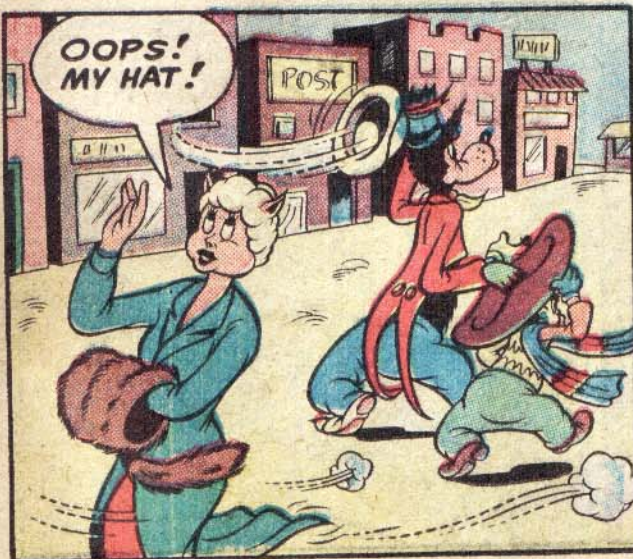


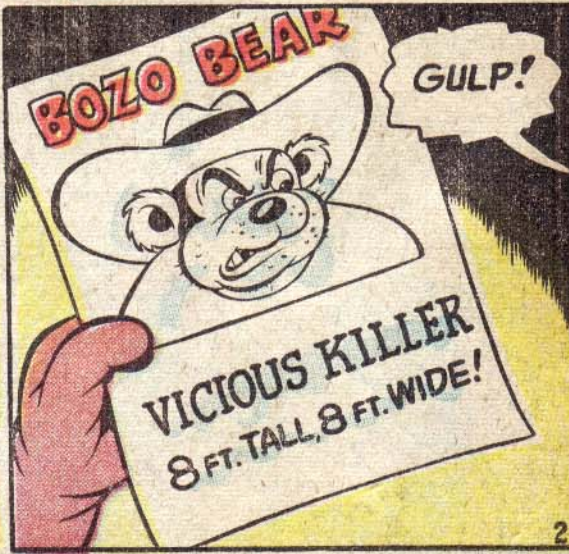
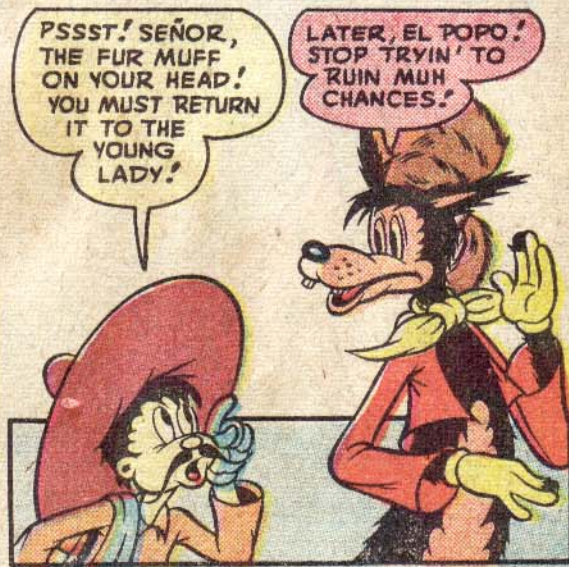
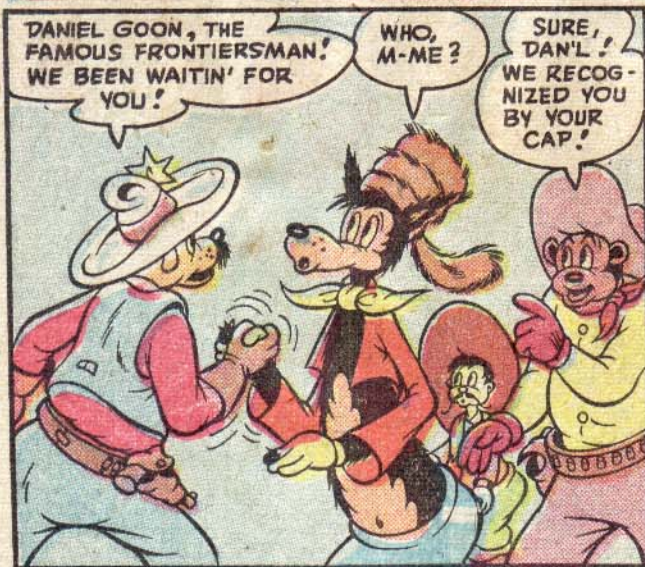






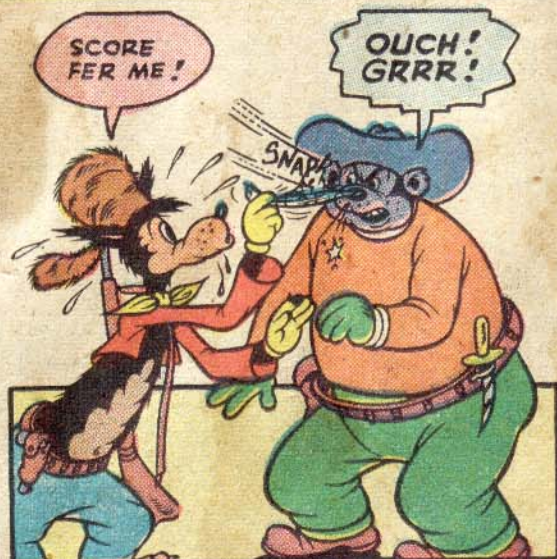
ROSCOE

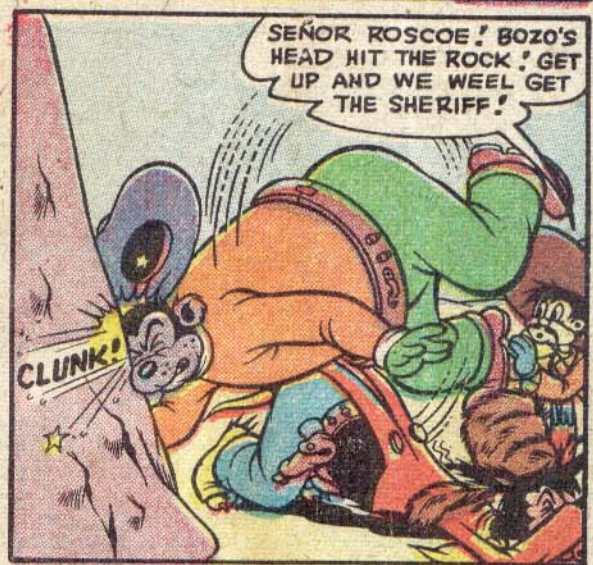
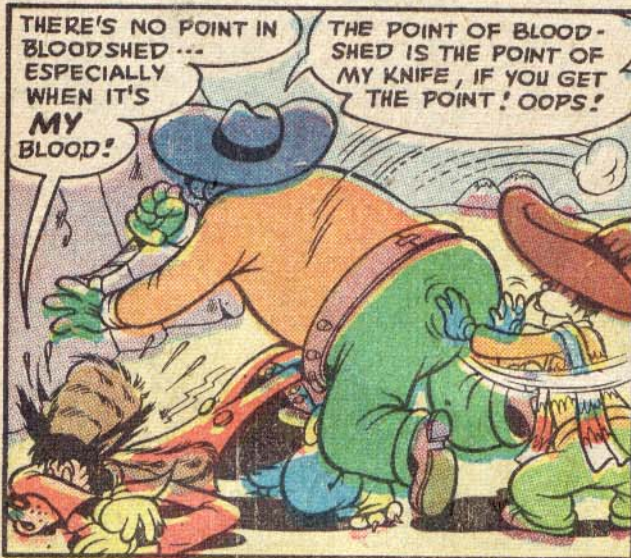
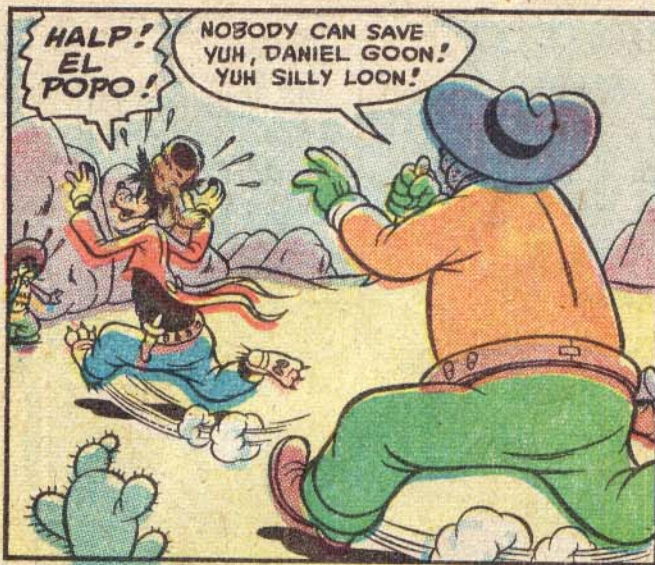




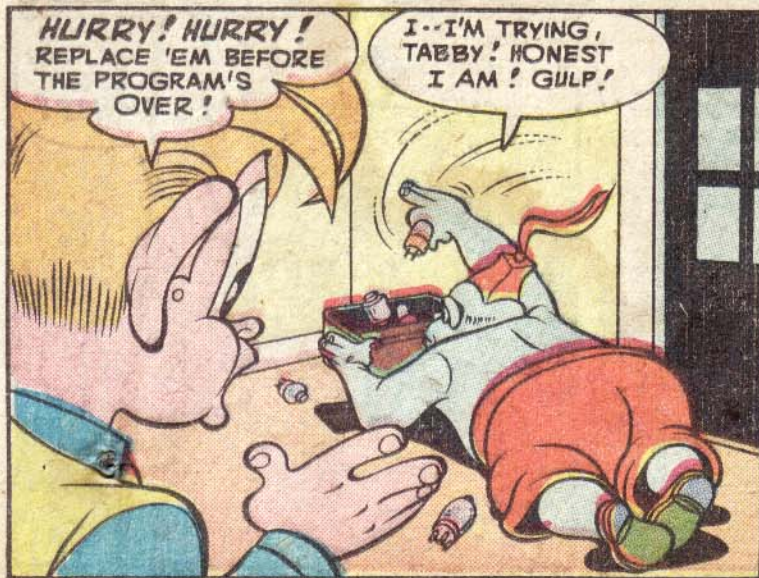


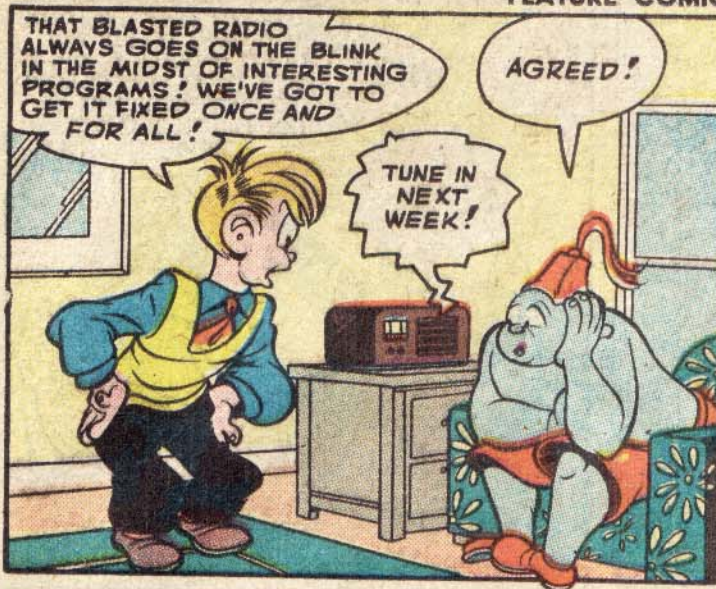
FEATURE COMICS

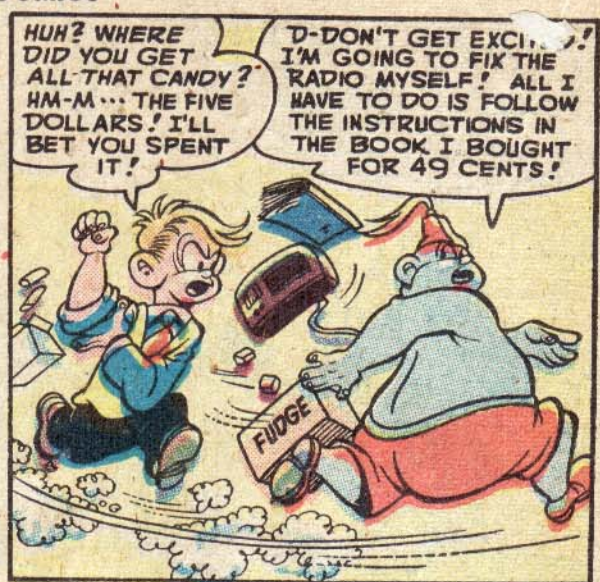


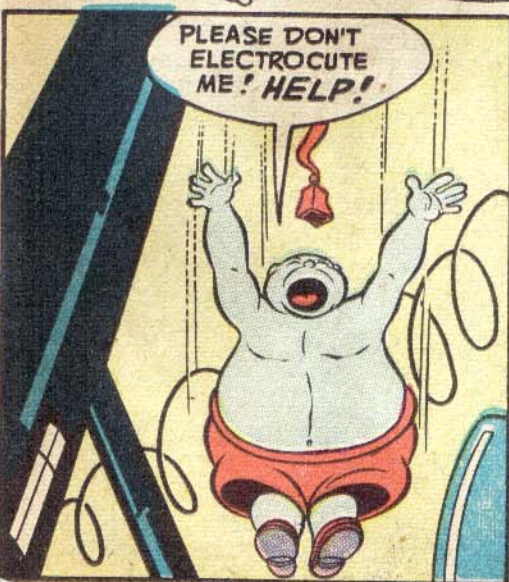
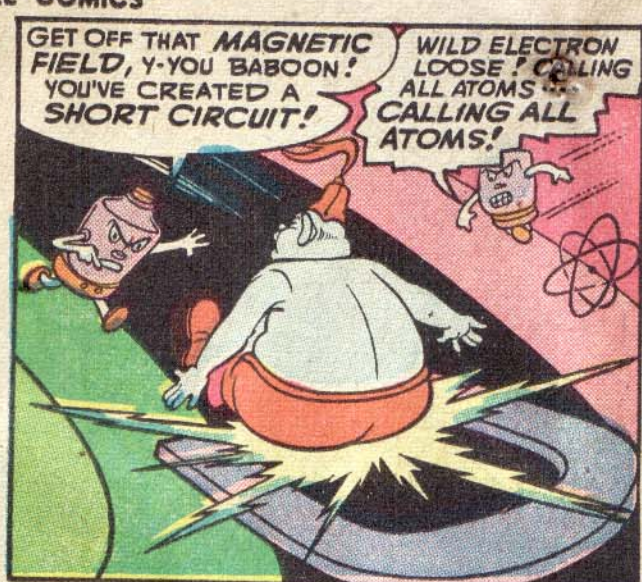
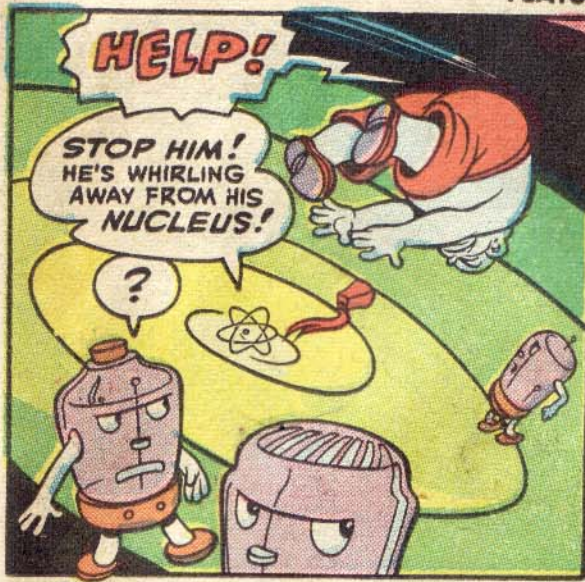


Blimpy







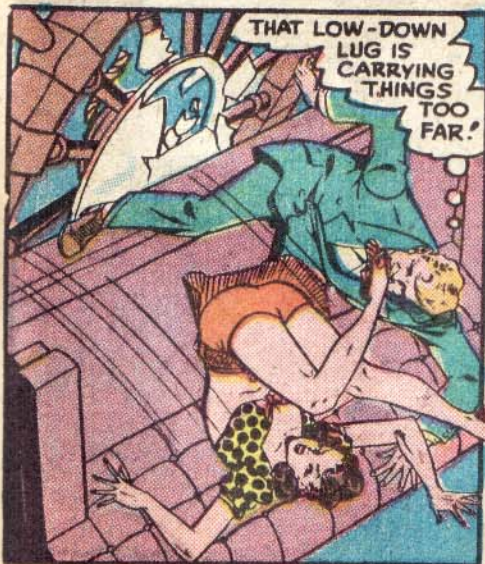
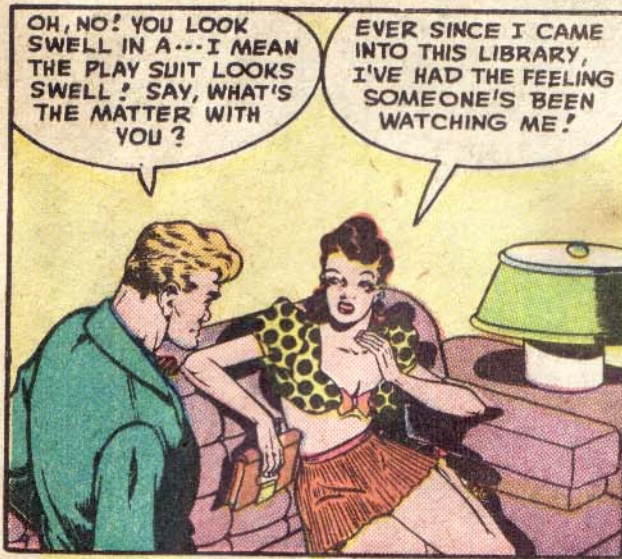


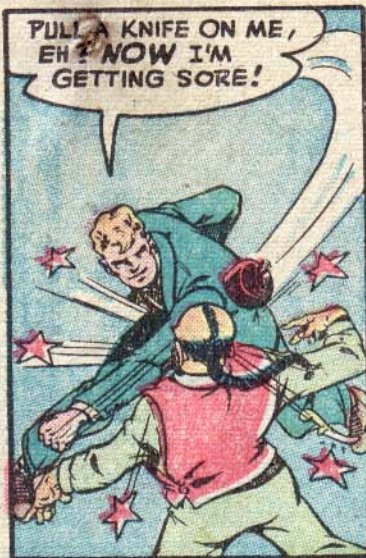
Rusty Ryan



FEATURE COMICS







A short while later, in Big Mike's room...



FEATURE COMICS



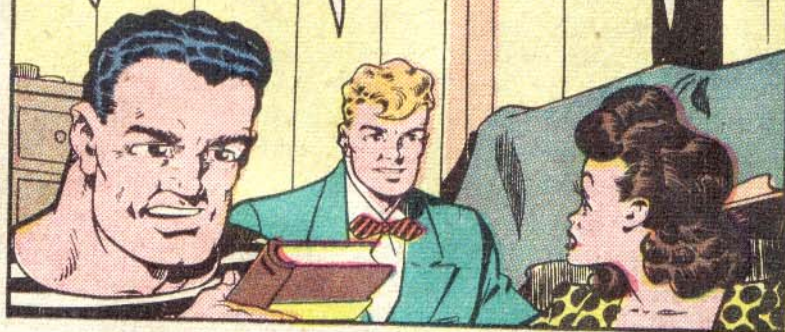
I TOLD YOU I THOUGHT HE WAS AFTER THAT BOOK!

MAYBE HE'S A BOOK WORM!

HE HAS FUNNY TASTE IN... **RYAN!** THIS IS THE LOG OF THE AVENGER.... THE KEY TO THE FLOATING DIAMOND OF DEMERES!

WHAT? WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

IN THE SECRET SAFE! PART OF THE WILL MY UNCLE LEFT SPECIFIED THAT I FOLLOW THROUGH ON THE QUEST OF THIS DIAMOND... WHATEVER IT IS!



YOU? LOOK, KID, YOU'RE PLAYING FOR STAKES WORTH TEN MILLION BUCKS.... AGAINST GUYS WHO'LL STOP AT **NOTHING!**

GULP! THANK GOODNESS RUSTY WAS THERE AND GOT HIM!



YEAH! RYAN, SNAP HIM OUT OF IT AND MAKE HIM SING FOR... **RYAN!**

WHY THAT... **HEY!**



...YOU'RE UP ON A CLIFF ABOVE A CORAL REEF! YOU'LL... WELL, HE WON'T DO ANY SINGING!



BY ALLAH, MISS... THERE MIGHT BE MANY MORE TRYING TO STOP YOU! AH... ER, WHAT YOU NEED IS TWO FINE BODY-GUARDS!

YEAH! SOME CRAZY JERK WHO'D HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO BUST ME IN THE NOSE WITHOUT BATTLING AN EYE... LIKE **RYAN!**

AND A BIG HONEST LUG LIKE YOURSELF! YOU'RE ALL HIRED! WHEN CAN YOU START WORK?



WORK? IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! WHEN I START BUYING A NEW SUIT TO VISIT A GIRL FOR AN EVENING, THINGS ARE GETTING TOO SLOW AROUND HERE FOR ME!

CATALINA KIDNAPPERS

CATALINA Island never looked so good to Darrel Dane. The hump of the island rose out of the low mists off the Pacific, where gulls soared and dived for fish. Trim little yachts and sail boats rode in the harbor. And against the verdant green backdrop, the Casino and St. Catherine Hotel made a white glare in the sun.

"Beautiful!" said Darrel to nobody in particular. "First time I've been here since the War Department took it over as a training center. I'll just go up to the cabana and wait for Martha's plane."

Darrel wandered up the sloping sand, past numerous colorful little shops and eateries. Yes, old Catalina was going great guns again, and the usual crowds were there.

It wasn't often that Darrel Dane found time for a bit of vacation. But he was hoping for a week of perfect ease. He knew Martha Roberts would love it.

"Too bad Dr. Roberts can't join us," said Darrel. "He works too hard."

Dr. Roberts was Martha's father. He was also one of the eminent scientists of his time. But like Darrel he found little time for taking it easy.

There would be plenty to do for him, and Martha never found anything boring. They would swim and fish and ride in the glass-bottomed boat, and go hiking over the hills.

Darrel settled down to a newspaper, stretching luxuriously in the shade of an acacia tree that mushroomed over his cabana. This was the life!

Two hours passed. A cool breeze was coming up in the west, shaking the leaves of the acacia. Darrel sat up suddenly and glanced at his wristwatch.

"Four-thirty," he said. "Say, Martha's plane is late. Should've been here at three-fifty-five. I guess I'd better go down to the depot and check on the time."

He got up and strolled down to the terminal. And got the shock of his life. The Catalina

plane had left its Terminal Island dock on time. The flight only took 15 minutes. It was long overdue.

No, the radio man said, he had received no word from the pilot.

Darrel began worrying after another half hour had passed. An hour went by.

"Listen," he told the radioman, "get in touch with that plane. Something must be wrong."

"I'm sorry, sir," said that worthy. "I've been trying to contact the plane for an hour. I get no answer."

Cold fear gripped Darrel. He loved Martha. Could that fool plane have crashed into the sea? If so, it was a good bet that no one had seen it. The Channel holds little lure for small boats, even though it is only 22 miles across.

"Then send someone out!" cried Darrel. "What are you waiting on? There's been an accident!"

"I'm afraid so, sir," replied the radioman, removing his earphones and standing up. "I'll call the Coast Guard."

Darrel walked up and down the small platform in front of the depot. His thoughts were going crazy. Here he was, hands tied, while Martha might well be battling with the waves out in the Channel. He looked up as he heard a plane roaring overhead, far up.

"Couldn't be it," he told himself. "Some private crate."

Yet he had the odd feeling that it wasn't a private plane. Could it be the ancient Catalina boat? He shook his head. No. The pilot wouldn't fly that high. He wouldn't have any reason to be up there at all. His dock was in the harbor.

The radioman came out of the building. "The Coast Guard has ordered out boats, sir," he said. "I'm sure we'll hear soon."

Darrel thanked the man, and went back to pacing the platform.

When Martha Roberts stepped aboard the old seaplane at Terminal Island, she noticed that there were only two other passengers. Funny,

FEATURE COMICS

she thought. They used to fly full-packed. Oh well, maybe people prefer going by boat.

She took her seat, snapped her belt, and the lumbering plane got underway. It required a long run over the choppy waves before it bumped into the air. Then they were off, the ocean falling away below them.

The two passengers Martha had noticed were men. When they were flying at about 3000, one of the men got up and strode determinedly toward the pilot's cabin. He pushed the door open, stepped inside, and closed it again. Martha felt the plane give a lurch. Then it settled down to an easy flight. The man didn't come out.

Martha glanced around at the other man. He was just arising to his feet, small mean eyes looking at her.

"Sit still, lady," he ordered. "Give me no trouble an' you won't be hurt."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Martha angrily.

The man grinned. "You ain't goin' to Catalina Island, lady," the man told her. "You're goin' with Mike an' me. Your old man'll pay a nice penny to get you back."

Martha gulped. "You mean— Are you kidnapping me?"

"That's right, lady. Now just take it easy till Mike gets this heap to where we're goin'."

At that moment Mike stuck his head around the door frame. "Say, Lang, this crate's almost out o' gas! We gotta land."

"Land where?" demanded Lang.

Mike said, "Well, we're right over Catalina. We can drop down on the west side where nobody lives, and probably dig up some gas. Got to anyway."

Mike drew his head back and Martha felt the plane dip downward. Then they were smacking the water on Catalina's west edge. Martha knew that this was wild country, with very few people. What was she to do? Darrel would be frantic.

"No word yet," said the radioman to Darrel's query. "Can't imagine what happened."

Darrel had a sudden thought. "That plane that went over a few minutes ago. Could the pilot have overshot the island?"

"Well, it's possible, but not probable. He's been flying this route for years."

Darrel wasn't satisfied. "But the sound of

his engine died just as he flew over. Maybe he came down. How can one get to the other side?"

"There's one road, pretty rough, to Chinese Point," said the radioman. "I've got a car here. If you want to try it, come hop in."

In a moment they were jolting up a long grade. At the top, Darrel pointed. "There she is! That's the sea plane, isn't it?"

The radioman nodded his head. "It's her, all right. Now I wonder what—"

"Step on it, man!" snapped Darrel.

They reached the bottom of the hump at last, and not a quarter-mile from where the seaplane bobbed near shore. The sun was still an hour high. As they leaped out of the car, Darrel saw the flash of a gun barrel in the hands of a man standing on the ship's pontoon. The man hailed them:

"Stay back! Come any closer an' I'll let you have it!"

"Say," said Darrel, "what is this?"

"That's not the pilot," said the radioman.

"Stay here," ordered Darrel. He dashed into the bushes along the road. Then, with a great effort of will, he concentrated the molecules of his body. In a second Darrel Dane was a tiny mite hardly a foot high—the Doll Man!

Hurrying through the tall weeds, the Doll Man at last reached the water. He found a small piece of driftwood, climbed on it, and began paddling toward the plane. The man stood there holding his rifle, unable to see the tiny figure clinging to a bit of wood.

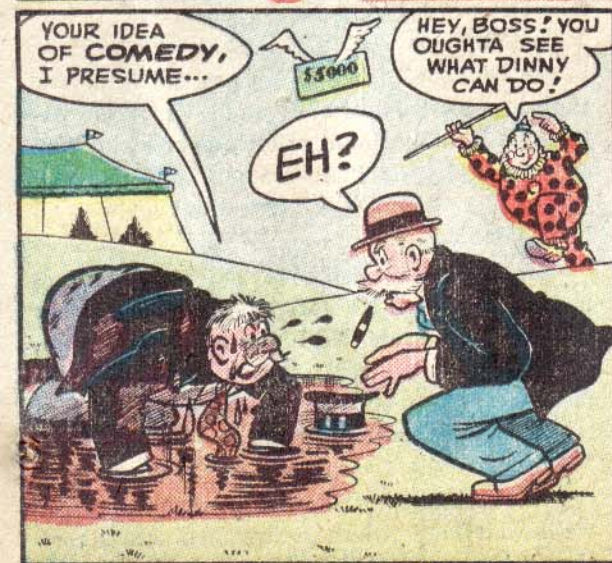
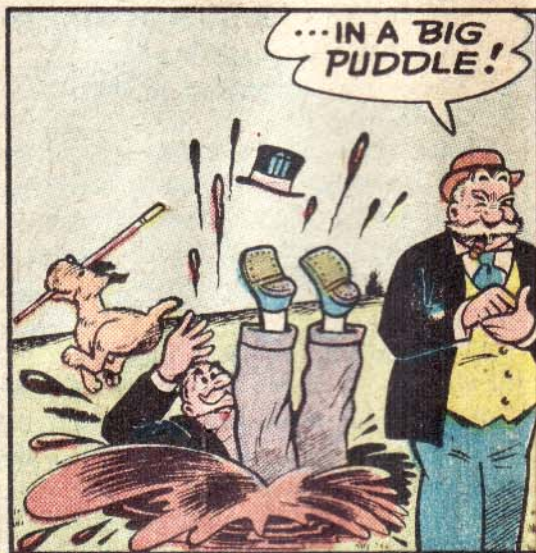
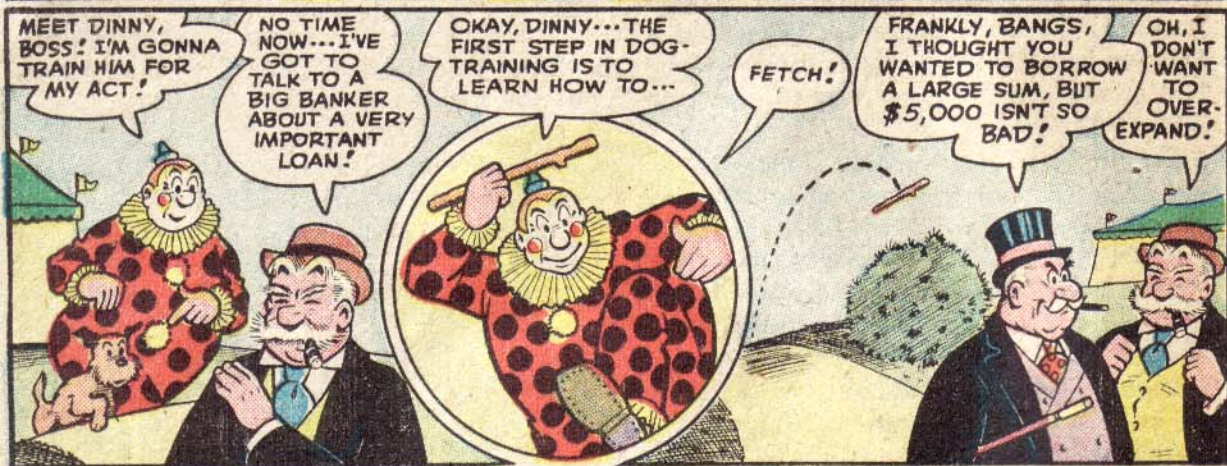
Suddenly his right leg buckled at the knee, as the Doll Man hit it in a powerful leap. The thug lost his balance and tumbled into the water. The Doll Man went after him, knocking him out and dragging him back onto the pontoon. "That'll hold you till I see what's going on here," he said.

"Martha!" the Doll Man called, just before he again assumed his normal size. He heard her answer from inside. He found her in the cabin, tied up, with the real pilot in a like predicament.

"They were kidnapping me," sobbed Martha. "But they ran out of gas and had to land here."

Darrel nodded. "It's all right now, darling—we'll wait here till the other man comes then they'll have a Catalina vacation—behind bars!"

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

THE BOSS SAYS IF I CAN PERSUADE OUR STAR TURKISH WRESTLER NOT TO QUIT... HE'LL DO BIG THINGS FOR ME... A FAT RAISE MAYBE!

I'LL SOFTEN HIM UP FIRST WITH A NICE RESTAURANT MEAL...

HEY, ABDUL!

Later...

AND TWO TRIPLES SIRLOIN STEAK, SMODDER WIT' WENISON, A BIG BUCKET CAVIAR, ONE TUB FULLA WINE AND ALL DA WEGETABLES AND FEESH IN DA KITCHEN TO START...



FOR DESSERTS, TWO DOZEN ABBLA PIES, ONE PEEG ALA MODE, T'REE GOATS WIT' WHIP CREAM, ANODDER STEAK AND ONE KEG CHAMPAGNE...

ER.. SAY, ABDUL, OL' BOY! I GOT A IDEA!



LET'S MAKE THIS A SPORTING PROPOSITION: I'LL TOSS YOU FOR THE CHECK!

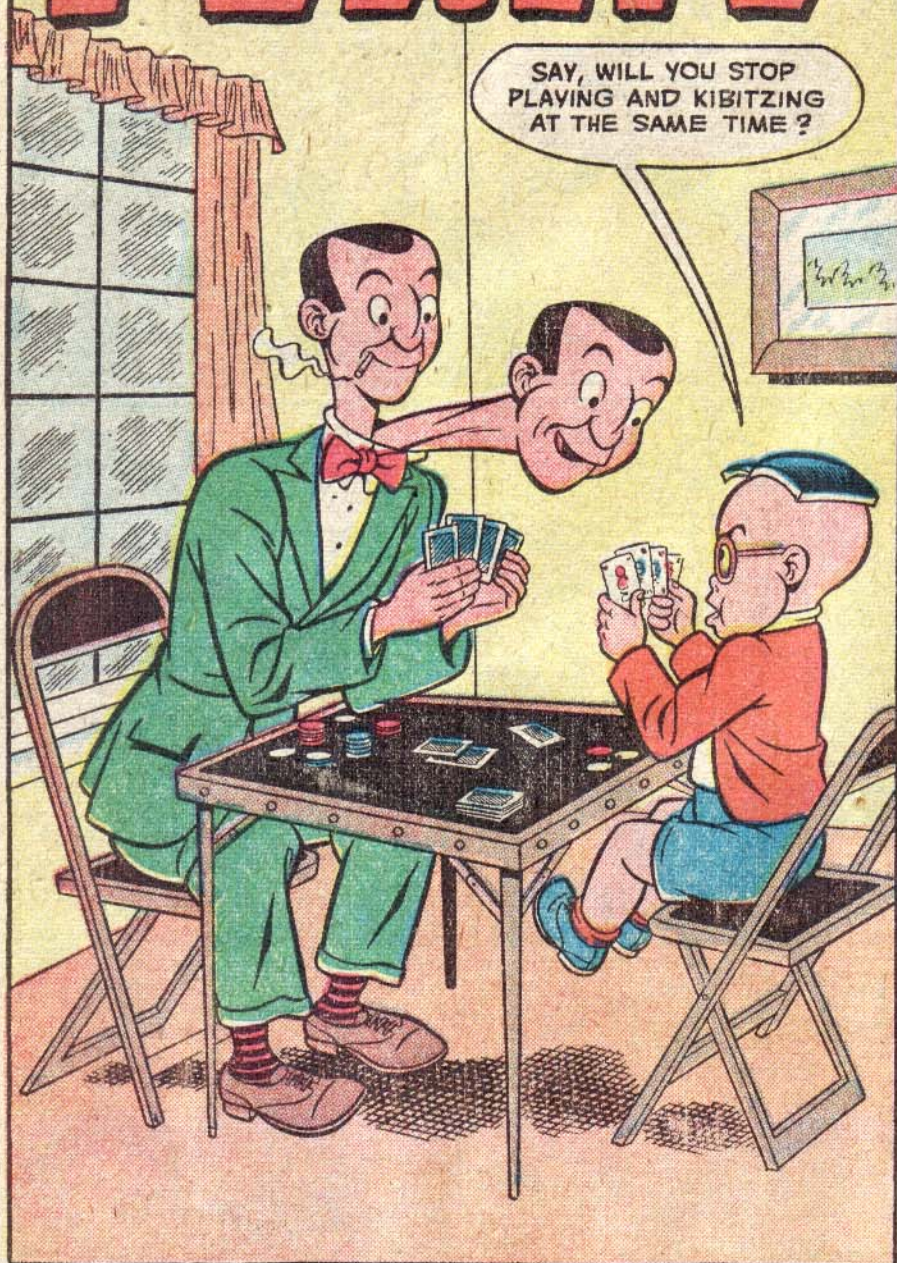
IS GOOD IDEA... SPORTS HELP DA ABETITE!



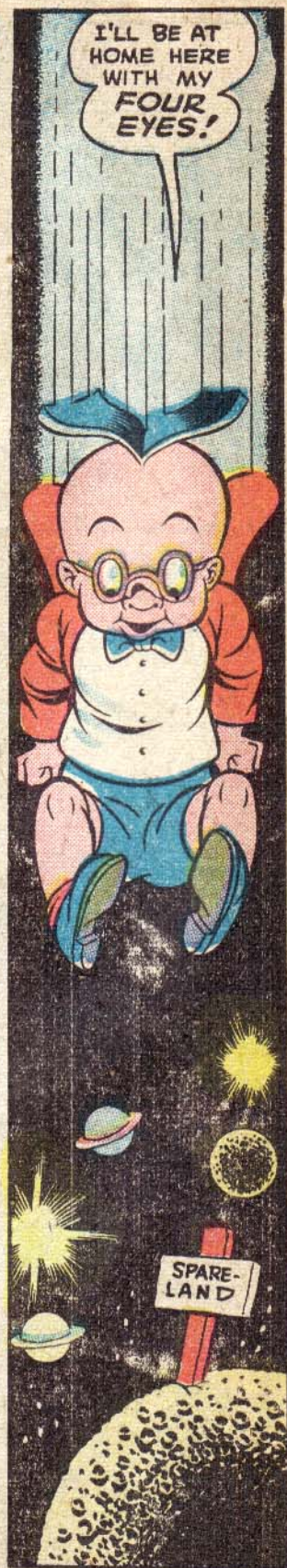
I TOSS FIRST!

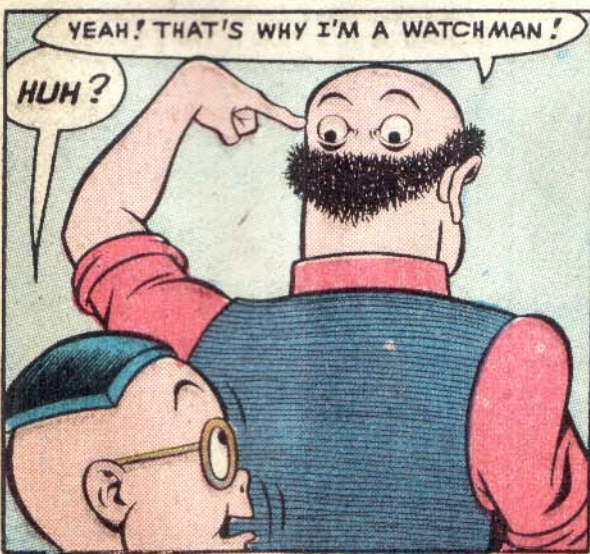
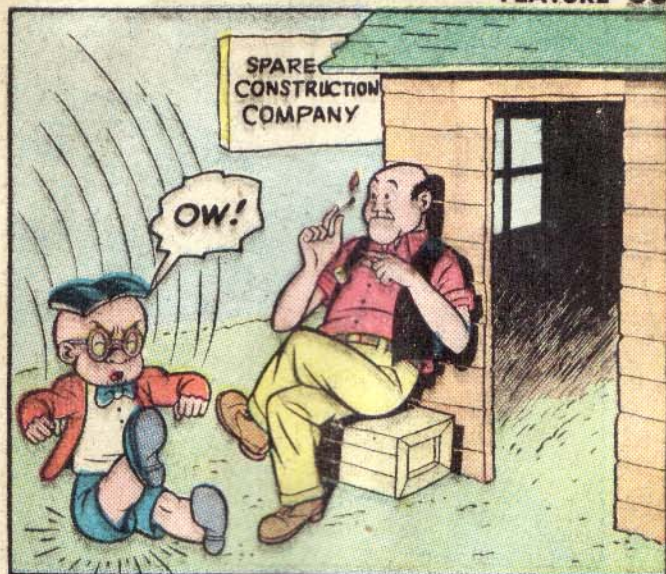


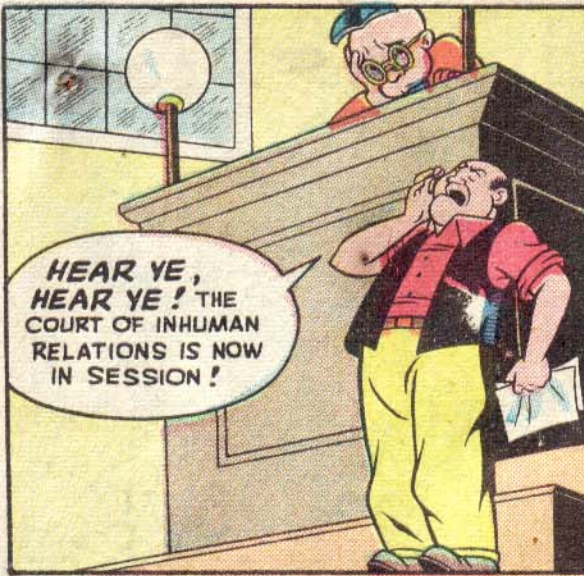
PERKY

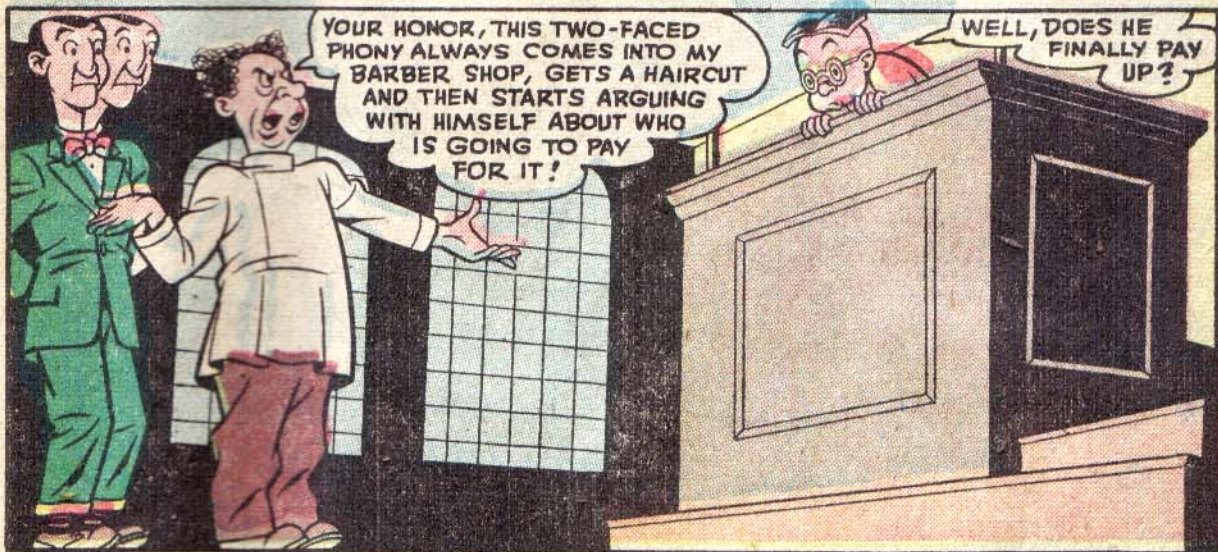
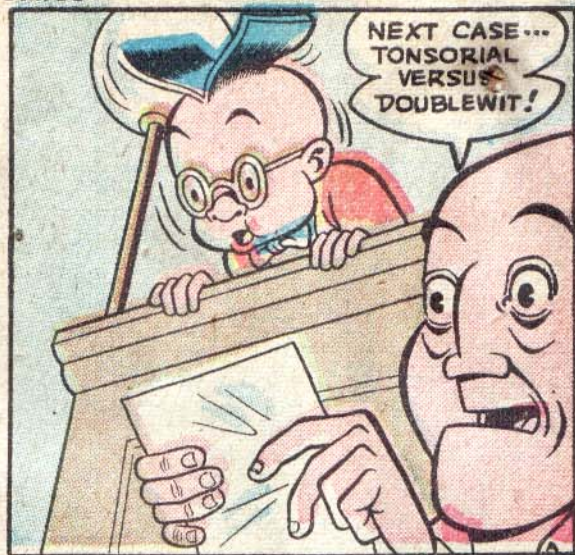
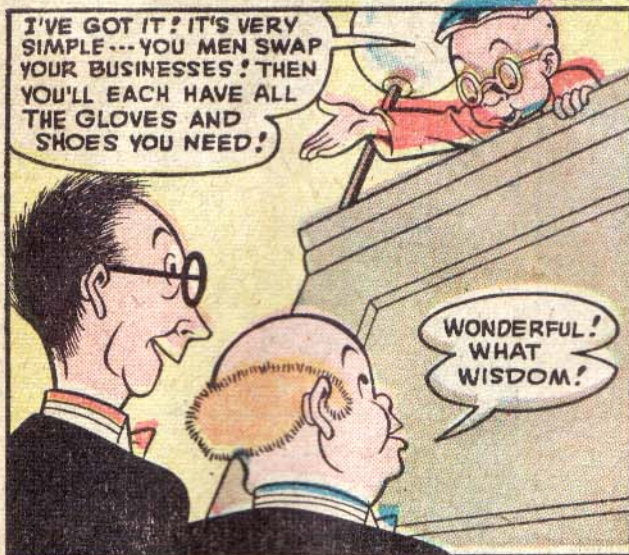


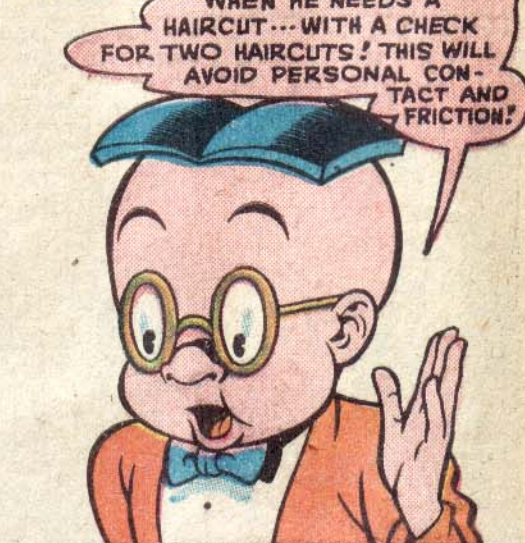
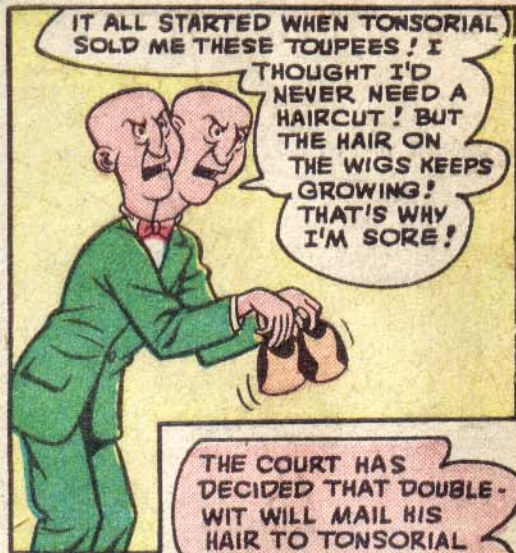
There's not another person on earth who can say he's seen the things PERKY has seen since he volunteered to step into the amateur magician's vanishing box and was whisked off to worlds beyond....



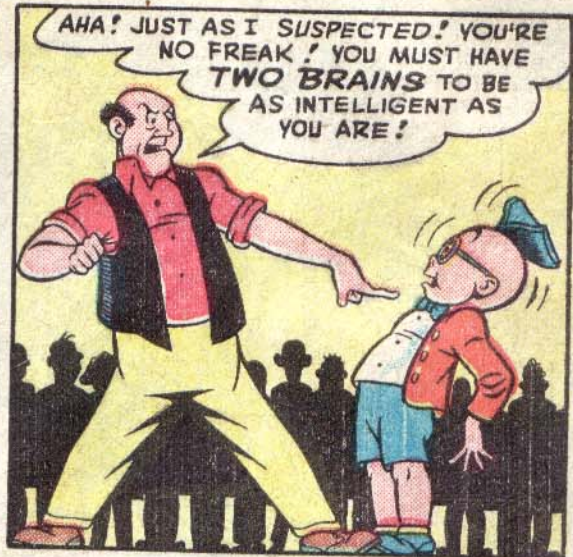
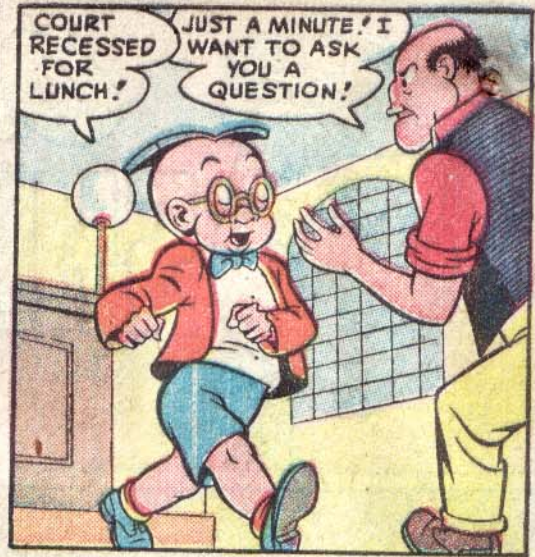






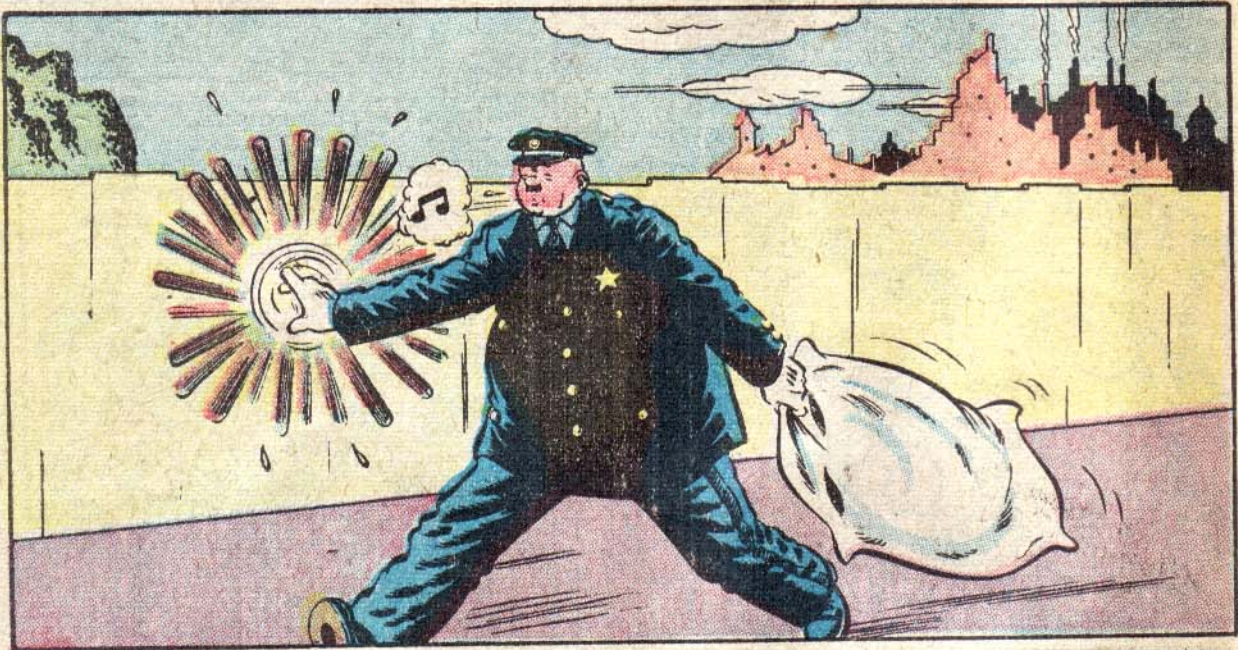


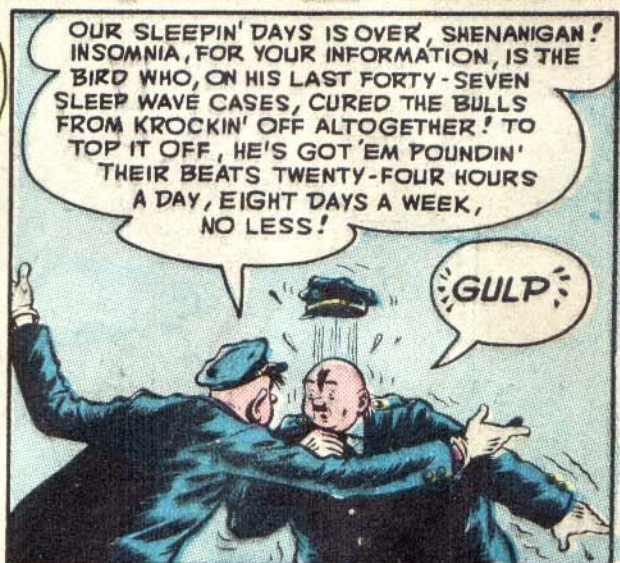
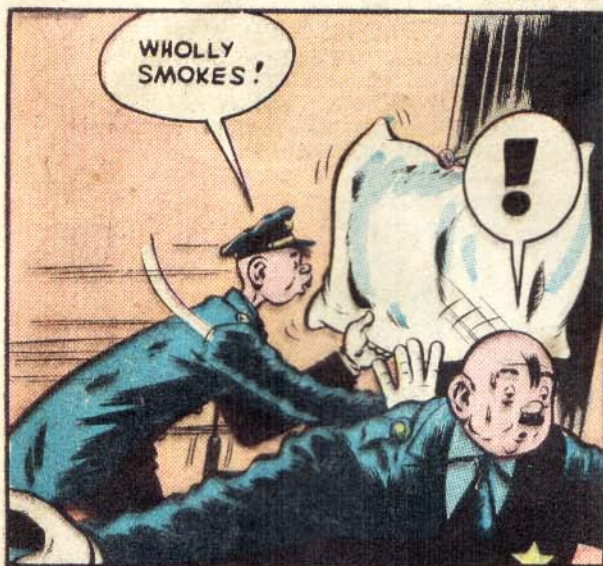
FEATURE COMICS

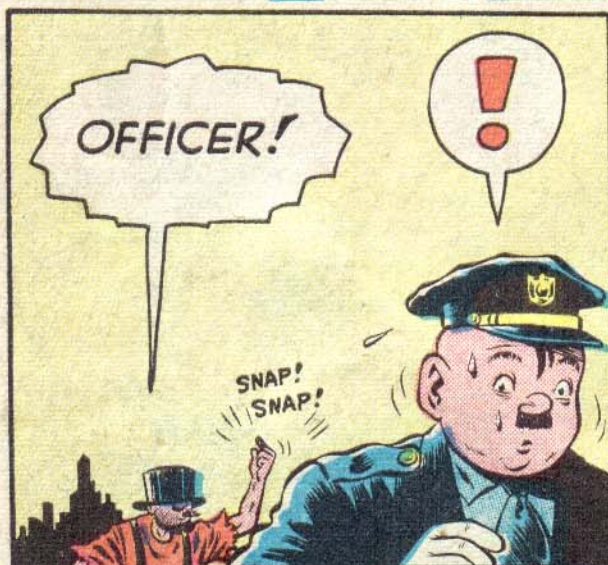


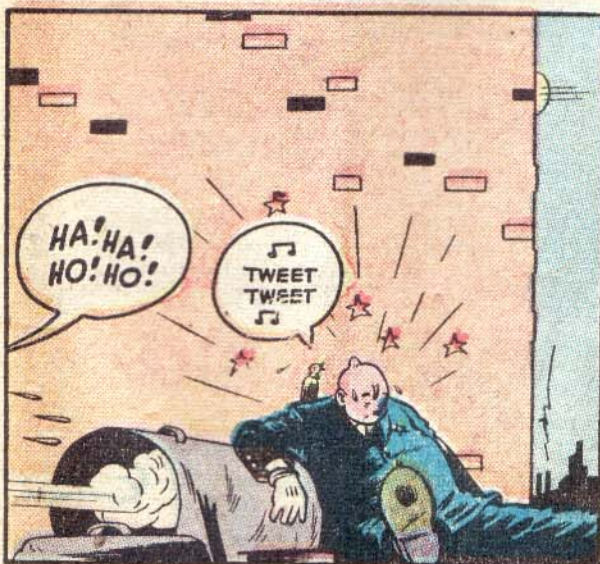
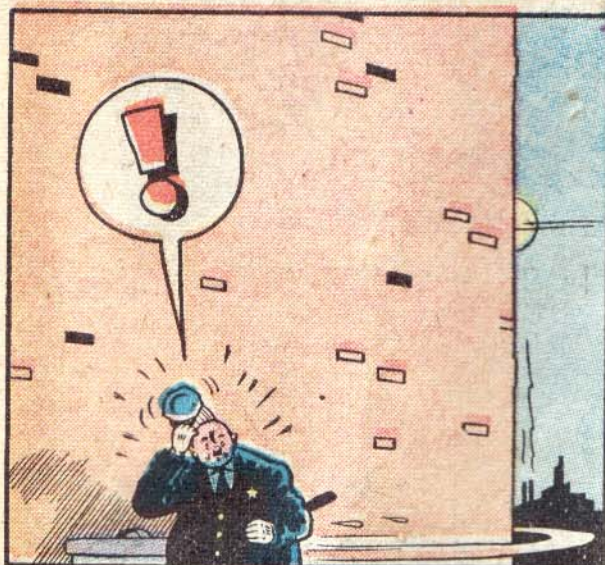


OFFICER SHENANIGAN









The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!

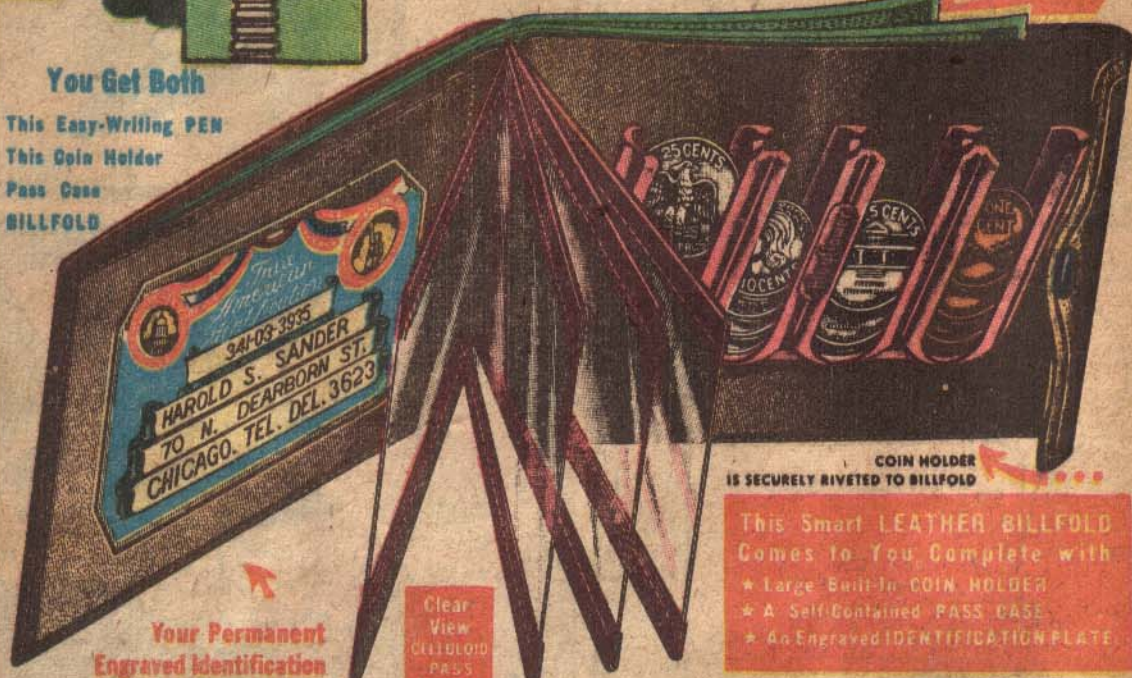
You Get them BOTH for

Only \$1.98
PEN and BILLFOLD

Retractable Point
at a Flick
of the Button

You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN
This Coin Holder
Pass Case
BILLFOLD



COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD
Comes to You Complete with
★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate
ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold, with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. The pen alone has been selling for more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

SENSATIONAL FEATURES!

THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. No lead cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has a pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling at your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

NO DEPOSIT! NO MONEY! — To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2629
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing \$2.18 (\$1.98 plus 20¢ Fed. Tax.) Please ship my order; all postage charges prepaid.

SOCIAL SECURITY
NUMBER _____

SEND NO MONEY!

POST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

I WILL SEND YOU BOTH FREE

NEW 64 PAGE BOOK

64-page illustrated book describes many fascinating jobs Radio, Television, Electronics offer, shows big kits of Radio parts I send you, tells how I give you practical experience building real Radio circuits at home in spare time, how you make extra money fixing Radios while still learning; contains letters from many men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. FREE. Mail Coupon below!

SAMPLE RADIO LESSON

I will also send you my Lesson, "Getting Acquainted With Receiver Servicing," FREE, to show you how practical it is to learn Radio at home in spare time. It's a valuable Lesson. Study it—keep it—use it—without obligation! Tells how "Superhet" Circuits work, gives hints on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeaker, I.F. Transformer, etc. 31 illustrations. Mail Coupon below!

SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW I TRAIN YOU AT HOME TO BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio—Television, Electronics," both FREE! See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make EXTRA Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in

spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For YOU

Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on a penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8CA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Averages Better Than \$3,000 A Year

"I now have a shop and am doing fine. I average better than \$3,000 per year, and certainly give NRI much of the credit."—RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Ashburn, Georgia.



Made \$612 in 12 Mos., Spare Time

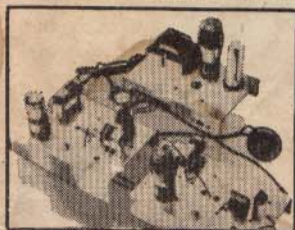
"Soon after I finished my experimental kits lessons, I tackled my first Radio service job. I made \$612 in past 12 months in spare time."—J. W. CLARK, Wilmington, N. C.



VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon.

Build Radio Circuits Like These With Kits I Send



Good for Both FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8CA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

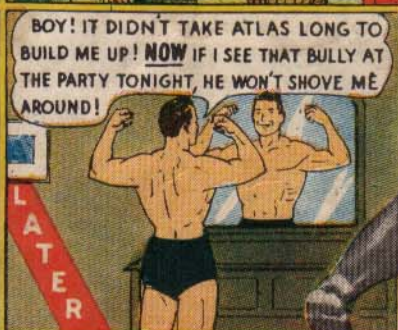
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Approved for Training Under GI Bill



HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too — in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 C,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 - C
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any)Sta.....